

Nawab Samad Nawaz Jung

By

ABDUL ALI

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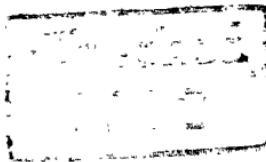


NAWAB SAMAD NAWAZ JUNG IN 1933

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Nawab Samad Nawaz Jung

A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY



By
ABDUL ALI



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FOREWORD

I HAVE not attempted through the following pages to conjure up before your mind's eye a picture of a man or a judge. Neither has it been my attempt to devote this volume principally to Abdul Samad's life. He has been purposely kept in the background and only that background with all its aspects—social, economic and religious—discussed of which he was an inevitable outcome.

This volume briefly depicts the conflicts and struggles, anxieties and disappointments with which an average member of the Hyderabad intelligentsia, or for that matter an Indian, is usually surrounded. A stage, however, comes in his life, when he feels oblivious to its trials and their accompanying bitterness and pain. But is it wrong to cry in pain?

SAEEDABAD
HYDERABAD-DN. }

A.A.

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CHAPTER I

FAMILY BACKGROUND

BOWENPALLI has not changed very much since 1875, except for a few roads and a few houses here and there, mainly occupied by military people. A period of six decades is a long stretch of time, and even in shorter periods the face of the earth can change beyond recognition. Bolarum was then a military station, as it still is to-day with Infantry and Cavalry regiments stationed there ready at a moment's notice to rally round the Union Jack to uphold and vindicate what it stands for. Every morning one heard the bugles call the soldiers and officers to duty. The military carriages with our Tommies (whom one so often sees in English parks after dusk) loaded with officers' equipments and rations were about the only type of vehicles one would see pass and rattle along the roads. In the evenings the only common spectacle was the batches of these soldiers walking hand in hand with their sweethearts and filling the air with their hilarity, passed by now and again, by a random landau or a cab carrying a military officer to his club.

In this strictly military atmosphere, Abdul Samad lived with his father Mohamed Osman in a small house in Bowenpalli, not completely detached from

the military quarters, in which the 1st Madras Cavalry were stationed. Mohamed Osman was the only bread-winner of a big family, and to him military service was the only honest means of livelihood. Mohamed Osman's family was a big one. He had relations in Bangalore, Madras and Hyderabad, but he kept aloof from them all. His family claimed relation with Tippu Sultan. His father was also a military officer who served the East India Company and who often regarded himself, curiously enough, as one of those who helped the Company to power and prominence. His elder brother Mohamed Sarwar was also in the Army and accompanied General Baird in the expedition to Egypt and was consequently held in high esteem by his superior officers. His services won for him many honours and privileges of which he seemed to be very proud and about which he talked exultingly in his old age. After the capture of Serangapatam and the fall of Tippu, Mohamed Sarwar and his father settled down in Bangalore on a small pension granted to them by the company for their heroic and distinguished services. They no doubt found it easy to get enrolled in the British Army, and gain honour and place, which they had begun to realize as the only means of attaining a decent livelihood. The entire family in fact belonged to the army.

Mohamed Osman was a good-hearted man, capable of love and sacrifice, though stern and austere in appearance. His military training and discipline

had hardened and rendered him immune to the tender and artistic touches of life, so much so that it appeared that his aim in life was fixed, his daily routine was fixed and his career was fixed as a matter of course. Abdul Samad and his other three brothers and two sisters were not under the influence of their father, who devoted most of his time to service and prayer, and left domestic matters entirely to his wife who belonged to an old Jagirdar's family in Bangalore. The lady was cultured and, unlike her husband, of a lively disposition. Temperamentally the husband and wife were thus poles apart but things went on smoothly at home all the same. The children were greatly attached to the mother who won their hearts mostly through her charming and affectionate nature, and the father commanded respect through his non-interference.

Young Abdul Samad being the fourth of the family was neither his father's pet nor his mother's darling. He did not enjoy any privileges at home and thus saved from being spoiled. His playmates were few and his surroundings dull for a boy of his age. He was not even allowed to choose his own friends, but had only to mix with boys whom his parents chose for him. Once he was given a good thrashing by his father for having been seen in doubtful company. Being rather sensitive the boy must inwardly have revolted against such unjustifiable restrictions imposed upon him.

It is strange that parents, instead of being on

intimate and familiar terms with their children, are often a dread and terror to them. The children are so afraid of such parents that their very sight makes them flee from them. They pray for their long absences so that they could play and do what they like. They naturally long for freedom, but that is so often denied to them. Strict rules are framed for them as to what they should say or do. Their hours of work, their hours of play, their hours of rest are all planned and tabulated by their elders according to their own likes and dislikes. 'The father', as Shaw says, 'takes advantage of their childish credulity and parent worship to persuade his son that what he approves of is right and what he disapproves of is wrong ; who imposes a corresponding conduct in the child by a system of prohibition and penalties, rewards and eulogies, for which he claims divine sanction.' Children, in India, are virtually brought up under a whip, so much so that when they grow up, they retain its sad and unpleasant memories. Sometimes, it makes them feel bitter towards their parents. And while parents in their turn are deprived of the true affection of their children, their faith and confidence in them is shaken, and they grow up as strangers to each other. Even lives of great men are no exception to this sad phenomenon.

Abdul Samad was obviously not attached to his father. He obeyed him as any child would do—the obedience being born of fear and not affection. He

would remain with his mother when he had no work to do or play with his only cousin, who was of his age, and whose company was approved by his father. Thus his early days rolled on, from weeks to months and years. Life was eventless, amusements few and company prosaic. His elder brother Abdul Hafeez kept to himself being temperamentally different to him. Such was the atmosphere under which his childhood was passed.

The school is usually likened to a prison, only that in some respects it is regarded as more oppressive. The primary ambition of parents, when their children grow, is to send them to school. But for children, there is nothing more frightening. Luckily for Abdul Samad, there was no public school in Bowenpalli or thereabouts. Elementary education was then a luxury of the rich. It is customary in every Muslim family that no sooner a child is five, i.e. a little after the 'Bismillah ceremony', he is made to learn the Quran and to receive religious instruction. The Quran and religious knowledge are regarded as an essential part of his training and education, without which the child is spoilt and badly brought up. In semi-enlightened families, the Quran and religious instruction go hand in hand with other subjects, but, in orthodox families, the Quran must precede all other subjects. As soon as a child acquires a readable knowledge of the Arabic alphabets, he is put to the Quran. Religious instruction consists in telling the child

about 'Allah' and the prophet Mohamed, the daily nature of prayers and its methods. Usually it takes four or five years if the child is above average, before he completes the Quran and knows how to pray. Then another ceremony follows to celebrate the child's finishing the Quran, in which the Moulvi is the guest of honour. After this function, the girl's education is regarded as complete, but boys are then sent to school to learn whatever is taught there. This traditional form of education has the sanction of centuries. Abdul Samad was initiated into this, by a Moulvi of sixty, who would parrot-like repeat the Quran, and teach him Urdu and Persian also.

The most impressionable years of a child are thus spent in cramming the Arabic text of the Quran, whose meaning neither he nor his teacher could understand. The religious instruction that he is given is entirely of a sectarian nature that teaches him the superiority of his religion over others and the falsity of the gods of other religions. It teaches him to regard all other religions as either false or inferior and to consider all non-Muslims as 'disbelievers' reserved for hell-fire. The same sectarian religious education is imparted to an average child in a Hindu family. However good their intentions may be, and how little they mean to perpetrate hatred and communal animosity, all the same, the innocent minds of these children are influenced by such training. Is it any wonder then,

that these children even when they grow up, remain narrow-minded and communally biased?

This one-sided, secular religious teaching must have slightly affected Abdul Samad's outlook in his early days, but completely changed his brother's, who remained an orthodox to the last. And it is probable that if Abdul Samad had not the opportunities of a liberal education, his lot would have been the same.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL DAYS

MOHAMED OSMAN had climbed to the top of his career. In days when Indians were seldom made officers in the army, he was one. Subedar Major Adjutant, then Military A. D. C. to the Commander-in-Chief in Delhi, also orderly officer to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—all these gratified the old man. He had no more worldly ambitions left. Besides, he had grown old and his religious conscience would have him to retire from service and live a quiet life devoting rest of his earthly days to prayer. He therefore retired from service and left for Madras where he wished to settle down. Madras was selected for many reasons, chiefly because many of Mohamed Osman's relatives were there, and then he thought that the children would have facilities of a good schooling.

The prospects of settling down in Madras greatly excited Abdul Samad who as a boy loved a big city. He joined the Madras-a-Azam with his elder brother Abdul Hafeez, and took up school work with enthusiasm. He had now a wider circle of relatives and enjoyed a little freedom. Mohamed Osman as soon as he arrived in Madras got himself busy with buying and developing a little property in Vellore, for

his youngest son, who was physically infirm, and about whose future he had natural apprehensions. Abdul Samad was very happy with his new companions and environments. He liked his school routine and worked hard at it. He had no more to worry himself with the dull lessons of the Mouli Sahib. Soon he got into the rut of things.

But Mohamed Osman's scheme at Vellore did not materialise. He disliked the life of an agriculturist, and his original enthusiasm gradually cooled off. Now he turned to public work, and through the persuasion of his friends stood up for Municipal elections. He was readily elected to the Municipality and was soon obsessed with its manifold activities.

The year 1885 was a great year for Abdul Samad and his family. It can even be regarded as the turning point of his life and career. He passed his Matriculation from the Madras-a-Azam. Passing the Matriculation was a great intellectual feat in those days when ignorance and illiteracy were the order of the day. Parents of a matriculated boy used to regard themselves very lucky and looked up to the boy with great pride and joy. He was their future support and help. From that day Abdul Samad suddenly became the pet of the family; even his prosaic father began to show his affection in his own way. He even started thinking seriously about his future education and the best place and means to do it. He himself was in favour of the boy continuing his studies in Madras, but his eldest son, Abdul

Quodos, who was then a Tahsildar in Berar, persuaded his father to send Abdul Samad to Hyderabad under his care and responsibility. The old man was reluctant but he yielded eventually to the wishes of his eldest son.

In 1889 Abdul Samad joined the Nizam College which was then the only college in Hyderabad and settled down to college life. He had reached a stage when education was no more a dread and a fear, and when books were not crammed out of sheer fear of the school master or the parents. Books now gave him joy to read and were true gates of knowledge through which he could peep and have a stolen glimpse of the wonderful panorama of knowledge and appreciate its beauty and inner fascination, though perhaps not quite fully. Arts and literature fascinated him. Shakespeare was his constant companion; Keats and Shelley he never left. Day in and day out he would pour over the volumes of these, and pay his silent homage to the genius of the poets. In his dull nights and lonely days, their works alone were his friends and companions. He would work late into the night and make plans about his future and so much engross himself into the details of the scheme that soon he would fall asleep.

His eldest brother Abdul Quodos visited him, often to see how the younger brother was getting on. They were both very much attached to each other. Abdul Quodos would encourage his brother,

SCHOOL DAYS

fill his mind with inspiring words and renew his zeal and enthusiasm for the work. Yet ^u~~Abdu~~ Samad could hardly understand and appreciate his brother's sagacity in shifting him from Madras and cutting him off from his family. Abdul Qudoos, now a shrewd young man of the world, had other plans for his beloved brother. He had taken the entire responsibility of the education and training of his brother, because, he felt that his father's meagre pension would not enable him to discharge his responsibilities towards his sons, and at the same time maintain a big family and the outward show. He felt that if Abdul Samad had stayed on in Madras, his education might have been neglected.

In 1890 Abdul Samad passed his Intermediate with distinction, and received many prizes for his good results in English. His love of Shakespeare was not in vain, for one of his prizes consisted of Works of Shakespeare, beautifully bound. This result was a great encouragement to Abdul Samad who thought that his plan of life, designed by him, was gradually materialising to his heart's desire.

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE LIFE

MOHAMED OSMAN soon got fed up with the sort of public life he was pursuing in Madras. He was keeping indifferent health and, his old asthma gave him more trouble and anxiety than before. He at last decided to get back to Hyderabad and settle down to a quiet life. The loneliness of Abdul Samad and his entreating letters to his mother to come to Hyderabad also helped this decision. So, in 1891 Mohamed Osman and his family returned to Hyderabad and bought for themselves a house in Troop Bazaar. Abdul Samad's joy knew no bounds when he met his parents. It was a happy meeting after two years of separation and longing, during which period the adolescent pet of the family had not only grown up to be a dashing youth, but also an ambitious college student, recipient of many academic honours and distinctions.

Abdul Qudoos was getting proud of his younger brother but his pride was a self-compliment and a form of an ego! Family ego. He attributed the lad's progress entirely to his care and training and

yet he was thinking how best to guide and help him. With some difficulty, Abdul Qudoos was able to get for Abdul Samad an Asiatic scholarship for Engineering. •

With difficulty, because in those days scholarships were a hereditary right of a certain class of people. They were awarded to students not because they merited them or deserved in the light of their circumstances but because they happened to belong to a particular class or stratum of society that was privileged, that had power, that had wealth, and therefore a right and a better claim. It is a significant fact that sons of the big Nawabs, though they never lacked any material comfort and were always in a position to provide themselves with anything they desired, fought for and influenced the authorities for such patty scholarships and awards as Abdul Samad received. The desire for the scholarships must have been mixed up with a desire to be regarded as good students. Whatever the reasons, these students from the 'noble classes' were cursedly a source of 'ennobling' influence on their poorer class-mates, and a hindrance to the healthy growth and bright chances of the students belonging to the poor and middle class families. They affected and even deteriorated the morale of other students, for, they were, barring exceptions of course, a brood of libertines lost to high notions of morality, being pampered from their childhood and allowed unnatural indulgences in sex-relationship.

They are happily segregated now in a separate institution especially meant for these 'noble men'.

The Engineering College, Poona, where Abdul Samad was sent, enjoyed a great name. He first liked his work and the atmosphere there. He was all by himself, independent and quite free to do what he liked. Friends he made many, and gave himself up to the hobby of music. His father Mohamed Osman when once heard of his enthusiasm for music and singing was indignant and the very idea was repulsive to him. He could not tolerate his son developing, what he as an orthodox Muslim regarded, unmanly taste. In Poona, he was out of reach of his father and could safely pursue his hobby. The severe restrictions that were imposed upon him were now suddenly removed and for once he was master of himself. His pent-up desires were given full vent and he neglected his studies.

How far this was but natural as the reaction in our youths is a matter of concern. It is a scientific truth that nature abhors a vacuum, so it is a social truism that restriction breeds revolt. Says Romaine Rolland 'A striking example among a hundred others of the vanity of human effort, when it imagines that it is possible by a super-imposed education to fashion the mind of the rising generation and so disapprove of the future, the most certain result is revolt.' Such restrictions and denials of opportunities for free growth inculcate in

our youth a mentality that is prone to be slavish, weak and timid, that eliminates from them all that is good and lofty. In fact it degenerates them mentally and socially.

Abdul Samad attended college irregularly and paid little attention to his studies and thought still less of his future. He even felt ungrateful for the opportunities provided him to make his life of better use to him. For him now life was meant, as to many of his thoughtless young friends a place for enjoyment to be devoted to the pursuits of pleasure. For a time, one thought the youth who gave such promise of the future, had gone to the Devil. He nearly did but for an unexpected visit of Abdul Qudoos. He suddenly arrived at Poona on his way to Bombay, to see how his younger brother was getting on in his new environments. When he arrived at Abdul Samad's room he to his great bewilderment found a musical class in progress. Abdul Samad was singing, his friend Himayatullah was playing the harmonium, his other friend also from Hyderabad was trying his hand at the 'Tabla'. For a little while the elder brother managed to sit there un-noticed and enjoyed the whole show, but then soon after there was a sudden pause and a commotion. Abdul Samad used to narrate this incident with great amusement, but at the moment his embarrassment must have been really too heavy for him. The whole incident was regarded as closed when Abdul Samad made fresh promises to

his brother with all the earnestness and sincerity that he could command. But he could not live in Poona long after that. An epidemic of plague broke out in 1893 and consequently all the colleges had to be closed. He went back to Hyderabad and remained there till everything was normal again. He returned to Poona in the following year. He had finished two years of his course and was to appear for his final that summer. He had settled down to hard work. But suddenly something unexpected happened that changed the whole situation. Mohamed Osman died. His death was a real calamity to the whole family. At a time when the whole family was depending upon him economically, and when all with the exception of Abdul Qudoos were unsettled in life, the blow was catastrophic indeed! Abdul Qudoos did his best to keep the family together but with his limited resources it was found well-nigh impossible to keep up the whole show unless the other brothers joined hands with him and pooled their 'innings'. It was very painful for Abdul Samad to give up his studies so abruptly and take up service. For days he struggled with himself but failed to arrive at any other conclusion that could save him and the family from the drudgery. The force of circumstances and the sense of responsibility could not let him out of this path. He thought he was the unluckiest man in the world through no fault of his own and the thought grieved and pained him. He could

not understand why suddenly the wheel of fortune had turned against him.

But worse is the lot of many of us in India, and hundreds every day, find themselves in a similar predicament and a prey to circumstances more extenuating !

CHAPTER IV

EARLY EMPLOYMENT

ECONOMIC insecurity is the deadliest of all things, that makes men suffer humiliations, insults and a thousand other ignominies. It is the deadliest of the cancers that are eating away the vitals of our body social and body politic. It is this insecurity that stunts our mental and physical growth and mars the healthy progress of our society. Once the bread-winner of a family is dead, or loses his job through mental or physical infirmity, the whole dependent members of the family are either thrown in the street or have to look to some rich relative for a beggarly allowance and financial support, or if the members are sensitive to tolerate this, they have to seek employment at any cost. The gifted youth, and the child that might have served the society better, have to toil and moil early and late for a nominal salary while the depraved youth of a rich family through his unqualified, undeserving inheritance, is placed amidst a dazzling glamour that only riches could buy. Such is our social order! But in a Muslim family that is more so. The Muslims as a community are backward economically. The causes of their economic deterioration can be easily traced to their own lethargy, orthodoxy and degeneration. Muslims as a rule live beyond their means,

and very seldom on their wits. It may be very difficult to make both ends meet, but the outer show must be maintained. Marriages must be costly and spectacular, luxurious living a necessity, outward pomp and show to be maintained at all costs. Bankruptcy is the order of every Muslim family.

Mohamed Osman was no exception to his Muslim brothers. He lived beyond his means. His death was a greater loss economically as it threw the whole family completely out of gear. Abdul Samad was twenty-one then and a deeply sensitive youth. He at last yielded to his brother's wishes and decided to enter service and help his family as best as he could. Abdul Qudoos knew what an emotional struggle must have preceded his decision. He was very keen that his younger brother should have the benefits of a higher education and therefore greatly hurt. Without much difficulty Abdul Samad was appointed as a teacher in the Hyderabad Engineering College, which was then in its infancy.

His Engineering knowledge was limited. He was preparing for his final year at Poona when he had to leave it, so abruptly for an altogether different career. But his task at the college was simple. He was to teach a few subjects to the lower classes and with a little patience he managed it well. He knew his work but lacked interest in it. The wonderful dream of the future that his imagination had woven in the abandoned atmosphere of Poona, its lofty palace and the grand structure that

fascinated him so much, all these dreams in which he was living night and day and which were to him more real and true were no more. The whole structure had crumbled to dust and he was standing aghast, agape, looking at it with a grieved and oppressed heart. But he worked on at the Engineering College hoping some day something might turn up that could revive his wonderful dreams of the future and perhaps materialise them. But when and how he did not know and was frightened to think of it.

Abdul Qudoos, whose visits to Hyderabad were now more frequent, noticed every time in his younger brother something pathetic and sorrowful. It was born out of some great disappointment and he knew what that disappointment was. He loved Abdul Samad all the more for his high ideals and noble dreams and made a firm determination that the boy must be given the opportunities he desired. The family must manage without his little income. This set him thinking how the whole thing could be arranged without Abdul Samad knowing anything of it. The provision for his future studies was an important problem and it had to be tackled. Abdul Qudoos was a born gambler. For him life itself was a great gamble. He liked nothing better than taking risks. The bigger the risks the greater was his excitement and joy. To him immobility was death and a peaceful settled life free from impending danger something worse than that. He knew

a thousand and one ways of making money and many more of spending it. He made up his mind to gamble with his brother's future. He sold all his property at Vellore and Madras and after investigating some on 'speculations' decided to spend the balance on Abdul Samad's education.

Abdul Qudoos immediately decided that his younger brother must proceed to England for further studies. For the time being he never reflected how Abdul Samad's expenses abroad would be met, nor the fact that his little income was hardly enough to support the family, much less could it provide for Abdul Samad's bare necessities in England worried him. In a way it appeared great folly and madness on the part of Abdul Qudoos to send the boy abroad into a bigger and larger world, without making preparatory arrangements for his stay and still with no means to do it. He had enough then to meet Abdul Samad's expenses for a year or at the most for a year and a half. The provision for the remaining period was a matter that appeared baffling for the time being but Abdul Qudoos refused to think about it then. He characteristically left it to fate. And it happened that fate was good to him.

He quietly made all arrangements for Abdul Samad's departure and just a month before informed him. For Abdul Samad the news was too good to be true. He hardly believed his brother and when he saw his passport still less could he believe his

good luck. Could the wheel of fortune that appeared immovable and static change so suddenly and bring him up on the top? He was excited and completely beside himself. The prospects of going abroad had as much fascination then, as it has to-day. But then it was a privilege of a very small minority to venture out. Besides, parents were very orthodox and had some strange notions about sending their youth abroad. In the land of freedom where they fancied, women and wine were in abundance, it was dangerous to send young men there. Living in the teeth of temptation it was thought that those youngsters would not prove true to their traditions. 'Religion in danger', used to reverberate in different forms.

But every young man at college used to dream of going abroad. The glamour of European qualifications was very great.

CHAPTER V

PROCEEDS TO ENGLAND

THE nineteenth century was a period of great political upheaval and revolution. The very air was pregnant with advanced political ideas, and revolutionary doctrines, and in every Capital in Europe people were clamouring for greater political rights and freedom. The revolt against the existing Governmental machinery was getting more and more acute. The masses were discontented. The second half of the nineteenth century was marked by revolutions in almost every capital in Europe. Germany was the hot bed of Socialism and the writings of Marx and Engels were a sort of dynamo of revolutionary ideas that generated the revolutionary current and transmitted it all over Europe. Their writings were as insatiably devoured in Germany as in Czarist Russia and post-revolutionary France. Secret and banned gatherings, illegal and forbidden organisations were at work in almost every part of Europe. The firm hand of the Governments was more ruthless in its suppression. The epidemic of revolutionary fever which had its more serious repercussions in the next century infected Germans and Russians alike and was proving more and more contagious.

In France Republican sentiment was growing and Napoleon III's death had re-established Republican Government on liberal foundations. The sea of political turmoil appeared to be setting down in the late nineteenth century in France, but in Germany discontentment was growing.

The lower classes were getting more hostile towards the Government's policy and the heavy burden of taxes imposed by gigantic military estimates. The Anti-Socialist Bill though passed in the Reich after a very bitter attack by Socialists was found to be a very weak check for the growing tide of Socialism. The rule by the iron hand of the 'Iron Chancellor' only intensified the movement and the suppressive measures only gave it a greater momentum and force. The political organisation of German Socialism first begun by La Salle was becoming a live organism through popular support. The 'Nihilism' in Russia was wrecking the nerves of Czarist Russia. The assassination of Czar Alexander was a climax. The spasmodic terrorist activities, always a prelude to a big revolution, were being crushed most vigorously. People lived in eternal fear and suspicion. The fate of the aristocracy appeared to be hanging in the balance and the Czar's secret police was straining every nerve to keep the popular uprising under control. There appeared a real conflict of power between the Government and the people, between the power 'de Jure' and the power 'de facto'. Every

morning brought some fresh news of some terrorist attempt, plot and assassination. Loads of exiles filled the Trans-Siberian train. Martial law was declared in Moscow, Kiev, Warsaw, St. Petersburg and in several other places. Trials of Nihilists were attracting enormous crowds. This was Russia of the late nineteenth century.

England too though a patent conservative country could not escape the wave of liberal ideas that had already crossed the channel. The Boer War, the Afghan War, and the Indian Mutiny were her military occupations in the empire and on the outcome of these, depended her prestige as the great power in the East. The Irish question dominated British politics. The great Nationalist movement under Parnell and others which was being curbed and kept down by the mighty yet invisible hand of the Governmental machinery burst forth like a volcanic eruption and spread its burning lava all over. The Governments at home changed offices on this very vital question. Liberal and Conservative Governments came and went, released or tightened the screws on Irish Nationalists but the movement went on. It was a true expression of the desire of the people to shake off the ever-binding chains of subjection. The desire for freedom, for self-Government, and for liberation from alien hands was so acute and spontaneous that the Irish people maintained unity and expressed it as one man. The no-tax campaign and the civil

disobedience movement were gaining popular support every day. Even that remarkable talent of 'Divide et Impera' of the British, that works so well in every British possession, in Palestine, in India, in Australia, seemed to be out-witted. The Irish people were passing through a great period of their history : they were making history.

It was at such a period, when history was fast being made and re-made, when the people of Europe and also of the empire were sacrificing everything they valued dearly for their convictions and ideals, that Abdul Samad arrived in England. It was perhaps with a strange feeling that he landed in Marseilles in 1899. He had read of the Boer's ultimatum on board the ship.

Any Indian when he first lands in London feels out of place. Momentarily he is dazed with everything. It is a sensational experience and it takes some time before one gets into the groove. The contrast is wide: While everything in India is slow and tardy, everything there is swift and moving. It is dynamic compared with the static conditions in our country. The people and the machines are more or less synonymous. The former are so much regularised, that they appear as mere units in that mechanised background. Whatever may be their limitations they have certainly shaken off the lethargy that is still our bane. They do not suffer from that inertia which is our chronic ailment. They move and move fast, while we collect-

ively linger on, unknowingly towards something which we ourselves cannot very well define.

Abdul Samad like the rest was very much amazed at everything. London—he thought was too big for him. It was bigger than anything his imagination had interwoven. He did not feel a stranger as he had brought with him a few introductions that stood him in good stead. He temporarily lodged himself at Clifton Gardens and gradually got the hang of things. An Indian student when he first lands on English soil is confronted with two things: A good tailor and good 'digs'. The choice of the former depends mostly on those 'Seniors' who guide him through London streets and Piccadilly Signal crossings with that air of a Londoner which even a native cannot imitate but the choice of the latter very much depends upon the new-comer, who has to judge for himself at a glance not only the temperamental compatibility or otherwise of the future 'hostess' but also her family background and the general atmosphere. The first difficulty is easily overcome with some penalty but the second leaves its impress upon the mind of the new-comer for a long time and to a great extent is responsible in creating that 'complex' which is perhaps the lot of an average student. A complex that makes him less free and more reserved and that drags him gradually to his own circle of Indians and the like. The slamming of the front door in your face, by the busy 'hostess' of the Boarding Houses with a curt

‘No Vacancy’, is not a very pleasant experience for a new-comer and leaves him little to doubt the fictitious character of the ‘charming hostess’, so colourfully painted by English novelists; at least momentarily. He cannot understand the real meaning of the phrase ‘English hospitality’ and begins to wonder if that was coined by an Indian like himself out of sheer and bitter sarcasm. Indeed that is the general re-action to that experience. Why one asks himself, should there be such hostile display of one’s feelings? Is it the natural response of an Englishman born of instinctive repulsion to the sight of a coloured man or is it the pent-up, induced, unhealthy emotion, stimulated by writers like Miss Mayo and the mighty organ the *Daily Mail* that makes an Indian the very embodiment of evil, barbarity and wickedness? Or is it the retired British civil and military officer from India who after years of unparalleled power and authority in this country develops and carries this prejudice to his native island and transmits it to those at home? Lawrence in his interesting book *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, has some thought-provoking remarks to offer. Says he ‘It was humiliating to find that our book experience of all countries and ages still left us prejudiced like washer-women, but without their verbal ability to get on terms with strangers. The Englishmen in the Middle East were divided into two classes: Class one; subtle and insinuating, caught the characteristics of the people about him,

their speech, their convention of thought, almost their manner. He directed men secretly, guiding them as he would. In such frictionless habit of influence his own nature lay hid, unnoticed. Class two: John Bull of the books became the more rampantly English the longer he was away from England. He invented an old country for himself, a home of all remembered virtues so splendid in the distance that on return he often found reality a sad falling off and withdrew his muddle-headed self into fractious advocacy of the good old times. Abroad through his armoured certainty he was a rounded sample of our traits Class one is extinct in India, class two is our common spectacle.

The emotion must be very strong and deep-rooted when it can display itself in so unmistakably an un-English way on English soil. Yet in India we are carefully led to appreciate the idea of 'Common-wealth', 'Common-bond', 'Common-loyalty.' Can the two be reconciled? Time alone will answer this.

His stay in London at Clifton Gardens was short and busy. He had not decided upon the academic course he would pursue. It was sometimes the legal profession that gave him a glimpse of future happiness and prosperity, and sometimes it was the career of an Engineer that enticed him from lofty structures and high minarets, while the career of an educationalist and a scholar seemed more to his mental and temperamental adaptability, yet he

remained undecided till he went to Edinburgh. His mentality was typical of the Indian then. His choice of a career did not depend on his own suitability or its utility to the country he was to serve but it was to be decided by the prospects of material gain and comfortable Government jobs. The desire to be an I.C.S. or at least a high Government Official with liveried staff to escort one was as irresistible then as the desire to become a Congress Minister is four decades later. The essence is the same. The former was naked, the latter was garbed, and what more has the advantage of deluding oneself and deluding the people.

When Abdul Samad could not decide for himself the line he should choose he at least decided to proceed to Edinburgh where he had some friends. His decision was to depend on their advice and the possibility of admission into the University.

Besides, he did not wish to stay in London. Three months were enough to make him run away, three years would be nothing short of dreary exile. Its largeness impressed him, its incessant activity and rush excited him, yet he could not live there; it was too big for him.

CHAPTER VI

EDINBURGH—AND AFTER

THE Scottish atmosphere was more lonely than the drab air of London. A walk along Princess Street was more soothing than the Piccadilly stroll. He thought Edinburgh and its surroundings picturesque and conducive to that inner calm and peace that a foreigner always longs for in foreign countries, and which he seldom achieves. He did not find Edinburgh busy and yet he never felt lonely. The scenery everywhere was beautiful with natural lakes and dales that he so much missed in London ; the walks were exhilarating and the people were homely. What more could a foreigner ask for ? The Indian colony was large with a majority of Hyderabadis, most of whom he knew. The University atmosphere was fairly congenial. He did not detect any outward signs of prejudice and such display of base and irrational emotions as he had heard of frequently before going there. There was not much difficulty in securing admission into the University. The process of securing this, was not yet complicated by the patronage of India Office officials and Hyderabad government representative. Abdul Samad simply saw the Dean and with his consent saw the Registrar and got himself admitted for a degree course of Engineering. This was all over in an hour wh

now after forty years it takes months of pleading and futile correspondence with officials at the Indian Office and the Hyderabad representative with doubtful results. Our system has become so cumbersome !

Abdul Samad soon settled down to University life, its lectures and its 'Union-Hops'. The latter he attended with original curiosity and excitement which an Indian always feels and which later makes him its ardent votary.

The first two months he devoted to adjusting himself to College life, its incessant activities and functions. He attended all and enjoyed all. Unlike his other Indian friends he did not believe in keeping away from the functions that were purely of English origin. He thought he should attend everything and miss nothing. Even dancing lessons he started taking with great keenness. But the lectures in Engineering were found to be more difficult to be digested than dancing lessons. The Drawing period was a bore to him, Mathematics a night-mare, Mechanics he could not follow. He tried hard at all of them. His training and knowledge acquired at Poona Engineering College were soon exhausted. The lectures were getting advanced and the subjects more complex. Private tuitions did not help him much. Besides, they proved very expensive. Somehow he felt a great dislike towards Engineering. The profession disgusted him, and he at last found out he had no aptitude for

it. For some time he dragged on with the subjects with half-hearted diligence. He worked hard, tried his utmost to create a liking for the subject but as days passed on his dislike for the subject grew more.

He did not know what to do. He could not afford to waste a year. He had his chance after great difficulties to prove his worth and make good. The idea of returning home without obtaining any academic laurels frightened him; later it haunted him. When Michaelmas term ended and college closed for Christmas, he decided to change his subjects: M.A. in English was a much easier course than Engineering. Abdul Samad found lectures in this more stimulating and refreshing than the dull Engineering routine. The Classics revived his interest in Shakespeare and Carlyle. He worked with enthusiasm and energy and finished his first year successfully. Later he realised that all of his time was not fully occupied and he therefore joined Gray's Inn and started attending dinners for the Bar. At the end of three years he got his M.A. from Edinburgh University and in June 1902 was called to the Bar from Gray's Inn. In those days when, unlike our present times, few Indians had opportunities of securing English education it was no ordinary achievement for Abdul Samad to get two academic honours in three and a half years. He was naturally proud. He felt as if he has secured his passport for his worldly voyage or to change the metaphor discovered a

'Master-key' for realising all his worldly ambitions. He was happy and satisfied.

His stay in England was more of the character of scholar. His early enthusiasm for outside activities and his similar occupations that were so numerous in the beginning soon curtailed. He spent most of his time in study and a few hours in the evening at George Square where his friends and other Indians gathered to talk and play. There were a host of Hyderabad students there but his circle was limited. His fast friends were few, with them he enjoyed both confidence and temperamental and mental harmony. Dr. Mukhtar Ahmed Ansari, Ashraf Nawaz Jung, Osman Nawaz Jung, Dr. Shafaat Ahmed Khan Professor Abdur Rahman belonged to this inner circle that chaffed and talked, played and travelled together. They moved a lot and mixed more with the natives than the others did. After their college hours and evening studies they even found time to 'parade aimlessly and yet searchingly on the Princess Street in their Sunday best. Since their means were limited and time precious they could not afford this every day.

They travelled extensively together on the Continent. Every time the college closed due to some vacation, they would plan to visit some continental town. Paris was as gay then as it was before the Nazi Rape; Rome was brighter, Madrid more romantic and Berlin more sober. All these towns had gaieties and fun in store for them. They liked and

enjoyed all. For weeks after their return to Edinburgh they would talk together of their walks in Champs Elysée, or 'Unter Den linden', or of the beautiful music they heard at the Opera at Rome, or of the wonderful paintings they saw at the Arts Gallery in Florence. The thought of the ravishing dances at Madrid amidst a chorus of captivating voices of the señoritas would bring them the greatest joy even in the dull, fire-lit front-rooms of their 'digs' in Edinburgh. The dreadful foggy-nights would not prevent them to think of the bright, sunny days they spent at Baden under the Alps.

But one seldom pauses in the midst of all this and ponders over the status he enjoyed then or shall enjoy on his return. Whether he enjoyed it as a free citizen or as a slave? Was he merely a spectator in that world with which he was so enamoured and dazed or could he play some part to bring about that state of freedom and light-heartedness in his own country for the multitudes of poverty-stricken and down-trodden, whose hearts are always full of sorrow and whose eyes are pathetic with darkness and gloom?

His circle of friends had grown larger and his activities enlarged. Edinburgh was still his headquarters where he had become very popular in University circles and amongst his own countrymen. The Indian colony at Edinburgh was not so much degenerated then as it is now after forty years. The students had not developed that

complex which makes them now feel completely out of place and unwelcome or perhaps to put it differently that consciousness which appears more psychological than real had not gained possession of them.

It is only after he leaves the soil that he feels the pinch of political servitude and then his mental faculties begin to open. The contrast of atmosphere and environments make everything glaring. One may not brood over such bigger issues there as very few of us do but Abdul Samad was not one of them. He did pause inwardly after he attained his academic laurels to know if he was fully equipped to return home, and if he had learnt anything apart from what was in books. Did a stay of three and a half years in a foreign country with a civilization entirely different to ours, affect his outlook on life? Had it changed his original values of things? He found it difficult to answer these self-queries, as many of us will do now, yet he knew and felt he had changed. He was very soon to enter into a wider world, full of greater opportunities and bigger issues, where mundane hopes and fears would be lasting and perpetual, where human personality was to be lowered or raised in the attempt to realize those hopes or banish these fears. All these things came to his mind in a confused way and he did not know clearly what part he was destined to play. He could not completely detach himself from self, its feelings and desires, its hopes and fears and

survey his past and future in one comprehensive vision. He could not rise in thought above the tyranny of practical desires. The past was buried for him, it was unalterably fixed, the future was yet to come and it was too enchanting to be viewed and contemplated impartially and disinterestedly. It was the 'I' that dominated the future. It never crossed his mind for once that the future he was so anxiously hoping and, longing to materialise all his boyish dreams and youthful fancies, would one day become dead past and buried in the eternity of time.

The preparations that precede 'home coming' are usually of mixed feelings. Once the object is attained an Indian seldom feels to continue his stay abroad. His mind at once turns from the busy metropolis to his old oriental town and its more homely and familiar atmosphere. The temporary attachment towards men and things no doubt gives one an unpleasant sensation and the thought of leaving all so abruptly and prepare oneself for new responsibilities preys heavily upon the mind, but one soon reconciles himself to all this with characteristic oriental resignation.

After the celebrations of his academic success in the midst of all his friends in Edinburgh were over, he took leave of them all and came to London. The long and distinguished services of his father in the Military sphere had won for him a high reputation in the Military Department. His credentials

were good and influential. Through these, he met all his father's friends in the War Office and India Office, prominent among whom were General Martin Dillon and Colonel Hornsby Drake. The latter had been extremely kind to Abdul Samad since he came to England and during his stay abroad their relations had become more intimate. The Colonel had developed a fatherly liking for the young barrister and through his influence Abdul Samad was presented to Her Imperial Majesty's Court at a levée at St. James's palace on 2nd June 1902, by the political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India.

The scene of the Levée, the royal seat, the simple yet dignified arrangements at St. James's palace were too impressive for the young barrister. He had not acquired the communist's approach to such functions nor had the study of Engels and Marx changed his outlook towards royalty and society that became the vogue thirty years later with the Indian students in London. His mind was free from any social or class bias. He was a liberal in his views and his outlook on society and what it stood for was essentially liberal of nineteenth century hue. With this outlook and mental attitude his bow and curtsey for which he had made several rehearsals, was very natural and born of that pure loyalty and devotion to the Crown that every Indian felt towards Queen Victoria. This experience was one of the treasured experiences that lived with him for a long time.

And when he returned from the levée he felt elated. Whatever the psychological aspects of that feeling may be, it remained an enduring sensation with him and to a great extent satisfied his inner pride and ego. With all these over—three and a half years of stay and training in a foreign country that culminated in a convocation procession in a university hall and a levée at St. James' Palace, it was no doubt painful to leave that country and perhaps leave it for ever. Every Indian, when he is returning home, does feel for a moment that he is leaving English soil only temporarily and not very long after he would return again under better circumstances and renew old friendships and acquaintances. Not one really believes that the moment his boat moves he would have cut off the last link with that country and that his exodus would be complete. He would soon forget everything he liked and associated with, his recollections would grow fainter, dimmer and later any news from that country would appear as news from an unknown planet. Not only materially but also mentally they would remain poles apart. Even the mental and moral integrity thought to have been acquired after difficult University training begins to compromise under the weight of social pressure, prevalent dogmas, family traditions and such other considerations which are so numerous and so attractive.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY STRUGGLES IN HYDERABAD

THE most interesting and peaceful stage of one's life is his university period abroad. This period always remains a happy dream whose slight recollection, even amidst a storm of worries and disappointments, gives one relief and joy. It momentarily makes one free and one forgets his outside connections and chains. But this state of mind is developed only after the initial struggle of existence, which every one has to make after his return. We may live in Bihar or in Orissa, C.P., or in U.P., but this stage of life is common to all those who have to fight life's battles alone, who have to assert and claim their right and opportunities single-handed, who in short are naturally denied the patronage and aegis of those in power. But conditions in Hyderabad seemed to be thrown into a different mould altogether; for its life is so strangely welded that it combines in it the native forces with the outside, that are fundamentally different and hostile yet apparently they work in official conjunction, perhaps because the native elements are weak and lack the urge to assert themselves.

When Abdul Samad arrived in Hyderabad his happy home-coming and re-union with his loving brother Abdul Qudoos was a most

affectionate meeting. The elder brother greeted the youth with his characteristic affection and tenderness that at once revealed his own pride. The latter reciprocated with that sense of reverence and submission that was akin both to a brotherly love and a deep sense of gratitude. The hospitality and material resources of Abdul Qudoos, though a little curtailed, were still at the younger brother's disposal. The house, a monthly allowance, a 'Landau' all impressed the young brother; but then, how long will he depend on them? He was now educated and had all the requisites to a successful career. He decided not to start an independent profession as it was too risky and expensive a proposition. Besides, it would mean banking on the elder brother's resources for an indefinite period. A Government job was the only solution and in a Hyderabad of 1904, when foreign qualified Mulkies were so few and scattered it appeared very prospective. But to get one was found to be a very difficult affair later, his qualifications, family background, notwithstanding.

His father's friends who were in good position and high office when approached gave him a hearty reception but when requested to help him to secure a job gave him the cold shoulder. At the next call they were cooler. The third time they were busy and on the persistent fourth occasion they were not 'at home'. That ended his father's acquaintances. One by one they all adopted the same line, the only

difference being that for some the first stage lasted longer, for some the second, but all of them reached the last stage. This was the first disappointment of the young barrister. It at least opened his mind's eye and subsequent dispassionate contemplation led him to believe that he should no longer rely on any outside help or agency except his own. He should meet the authorities himself and plead his case.

Hyderabad essentially consisted of a hierarchy the composition of which had not imbibed the true traditions of the past and was alien to the new movement of the twentieth century. It still lay buried in age-long dogmas and time-worn superstition. The system was old and defective and was gradually crushing by its own dead weight, though its outer symptoms were not so distinct as they were destined to be forty years later. The effect of the British Indian wave of thought had not yet crossed the frontiers so much, nor was the British Indian radicalism strong enough to raise its head and serve as a guide and a lesson. The revolt of youth against the tyranny of class domination and its hatred of the existing supremacy of the obsolete generation with its religious fanaticism, social decadence and political conservatism, had not yet become a force that could be seriously reckoned with by the men at the helm. The result was of course a mixed form of official despotism that helped the more reactionary forces. A system of government in any country is indistinguishable from

the social structure and mental outlook of the society ; rather it is the outcome of the latter. Webb remarks that to know a system of Government it is enough to know the different stratum of society existent and their inter-relation.

It would therefore be interesting to pause a while and analyse the structure of society that confronted the young barrister in 1904. How it differs with the present ? Whether forty years of wars and revolutions have changed its outer texture and composition ? Has the wave of nationalism, inter-nationalism and its varieties of 'ism' passed it by and failed to arouse it out of its deep slumber ? We shall be no doubt trespassing in doing this but a brief survey and resumé will not be out of place.

Hyderabad consisted principally of the nobility, the middle class intelligentsia, the lower ranks and the peasantry, a similar gradation of humanity as was predominant in Czarist Russia or a Louisian France ; only that nobility was not in association with the 'church' as was in Russia of Rasputin notoriety nor was the peasantry so mobile and alert as was in France. The nobility of Hyderabad also lacked the chivalrous romanticism of the French though it excelled the Russian counts in their depravity. This stratum of society had a command and control over the public to such an extent that it could exploit them to any manner they liked. They looked to them for help, for support, for guidance

and got nothing in return. Economically they formed the basis of the whole society on which rested the state and the people. The highest office was usually their heritage and they were thrust upon other exalted positions. The prejudice towards low birth and ordinary parentage was still deep. A commoner could not be tolerated to occupy a high office and shine unduly in their midst. As a class the nobility was incorrigibly decadent. Their lax and artificial surroundings that resulted from indiscreet and unhealthy luxuries stunted their growth as men. They shunned education as discreetly as they indulged in all sorts of sensualism. Their mental background was very poor, their mental faculty dull, and their physique deformed. Things had no spiritual and moral values for them. The 'Sahus' were frequent visitors and trustees of their palaces and mansions. Bankruptcy and extravagant indulgences, the two irreconcilable elements reconciled.

With such men at the helm of affairs, naturally the middle class intelligentzia got the upper hand. Adventurous in most cases, lacking in character and integrity, they exploited the weakness of the departmental heads and took undue advantage of their shortcomings. The earnings of Jagirs with the unique position and respect commanded by the Jagirdars in those days could have very easily revolutionised the society but instead it brought about the slow and gradual social decay of the

nobility and with it, the de-evolution of the majority of the lower ranks, who looked to them for support and inspiration. The middle class intelligentzia lost its morale and character. It lacked the inner strength to correct the nobility and put itself in the right track. It could not keep up the balance between high ideals and lowly activities. The moral stamina in them that was brought about by education and systematic intellectual training gave way. They too merged into the nobility and later on imitated them so much so that now they have become indistinguishable from that class. The gross betrayal of the upper-middle class shook the lower classes badly. The bulk of this class was attached to upper middle class and the remaining looked to the nobility for inspiration and help. So the whole lot of them were doomed. Their chances of improvement thus banned they still began to see unconsciously to the above ranks, all the time remaining hopelessly ignorant and inactive. The peasantry that was in the grips of neither remained unaffected and lingered in the crudest of superstition.

So Abdul Samad, in 1904, had to deal with this superstructure of society. He belonged to the lower middle class intelligentzia and looked to the upper middle class for help and support and the latter were fast heading towards a complete and wholesale amalgamation into the nobility. It was during the process that he knew them and

at first felt dismayed and disappointed. He could not then understand the apparently contradictory role of these men and attributed it mostly to individual self-sufficiency and decadence. It only dawned on him much later when the process of transformation was fully completed. How then is the present? Trotsky had remarked about the Russian Nobility that, 'Their outlook remained unchanged through wars and revolutions—Between their consciousness and events stood always that impenetrable medium—Indifference.' This could be more appropriately said of our Nobility!

Abdul Samad despaired and gave up all hopes of securing a job in Government service. Nawab Fakar-ul-Mulk, a leading nobleman of the day, when approached helped the young barrister and decided to take him up. Perhaps the Nawab was impressed by the young man's direct approach and more direct and bold ways of introducing and recommending himself. He tried him as his private secretary. Abdul Samad proved his worth and impressed the old and refined nobleman. He became the old man's favourite, and remained with the Nawab for about two years during which period the Nawab arranged a matrimonial match for the barrister and evinced a keen and personal interest in his affair.

Later at his request, he was made the Inspector of Schools at Aurangabad though the personal affection of the Nawab towards Abdul Samad continued.

CHAPTER VIII

A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

IT is one of the worst diseases of bureaucracy that it develops in the average aspirant an insatiable lust for power, prestige and high office. Careerism and other bureaucratic tendencies go hand in hand. Every young man who newly enters service assumes that he is the ruler. To very few it occurs that the higher the office the greater the burden of responsibility towards the public and with it greater should be our humility and earnestness to serve. For most of us high office is merely a means to exercise power over those unfortunates whom we deliberately keep in ignorance and darkness so that we can retain our offices unchallenged. But this was not the case with Abdul Samad. He entered service with the spirit of service fully matured. For him a Government job only served as an opportunity to serve the public and do his utmost in contributing what he could to the common weal.

As an Inspector of schools he was very busy the first few years in moving about, attending educational conferences and other similar meetings. The Educational Department forty years ago had neither a policy nor a programme. The educational centres were few and badly organized. The idea of spreading education in each corner

of the State and mobilising all the native elements with that idea was not yet attempted. A nation and a community is worth nothing that has in its midst large numbers of illiterate men and women, to whom everything fine, exotic, artistic and noble passes by. For whom life is just 'one damned thing after another', and who live busily engaged in that dull routine that makes them hardly distinguishable from the mute and dumb quadrupeds. But nothing could be done in those days by Inspectors or for that matter by the Director of public schools to better the order.

Abdul Samad worked hard in the beginning with real zeal and devotion that often possesses a youngster in the beginning of his career but his every suggestion was thrown over, his scheme to overhaul the system snubbed, his criticism of the department resented. He felt he could not get along in that mood. The displeasure of the authorities would soon land him into trouble. He must either change his ways or shift to another department. He decided for the latter course. The Judicial Department was the only department for which he had a liking and was qualified. In those days qualified men in any department were a scarcity and the Judicial Department particularly lacked good men.

Nawab Sur Buland Jung as Chief Justice patronised the young man and gave him a trial at the Civil Courts in Hyderabad. He did well, his

judicial and logical trend of mind combined with his cool temperament suited the Magistracy. He was soon made the District Magistrate, Gulburga. His work as a District Magistrate was more appreciated and was equally liked by the Bar and the public. In 1917 he was selected for the post of Chief City Magistrate, after having worked a few months as the Chief Kazi. His Exalted Highness had begun to be favourably disposed towards him. His scrupulous honesty and straightforwardness attracted his attention. His amiable and reserved nature was liked by his friends and colleagues alike. His impartiality and candidness and a complete lack of red-tapism (a disease that has become chronic with our young men) commended him to the public.

The remarkable enthusiasm and organising abilities he showed in the flood-relief of 1908 and the influenza epidemic of 1918 brought him much credit. His devotion and feeling for the suffering were really great and spontaneous. One could see him every day walk to every house and console the occupants and give them medicine and clothes with his own hands. St. Francis-like he would come back from his tour of the infected areas and weep and pray for those whose pains and suffering he could not bear. His divine elements manifested strongly in his profound feeling and grief for the suffering and his intense urge to do his utmost to improve and help them. He was put up in the most infected area where the death role was the heaviest.

but he would not shift to any other parts leaving so much disease and suffering behind. Sorrow and suffering had begun to attract him, death did not frighten him. His work as Chief City Magistrate was brilliant. He commanded respect both from the police and the public. After four and a half years he was promoted as Sessions Judge and sent to Warangal. He remained a Sessions Judge for about eleven years—six years at Warangal and five years at Aurangabad.

During this period much happened that left lasting impressions on his mind. The chaotic state of affairs in Hyderabad due to an administration that existed solely to satisfy certain whims of departmental heads depressed him as it depressed and grieved many a sensitive mind. Abdul Samad's zeal for work cooled down. He wanted to quit the job. It humiliated him to work under an administration for which he had no respect. But his private circumstances would not allow him to quit. He had entangled himself in many domestic responsibilities that bound him more firmly to the job he now disliked. Economic slavery stared him in the face. He lacked the courage to quit all for his convictions and try his hand and luck in the world at large. His conviction must not have been strong enough or else he could have surmounted any material obstacle. He remarked so once in his decaying age not without a feeling of disappointment and bitterness. He dragged on

with his job. His conscience revolted, his soul grieved, yet he remained a Sessions Judge. In March 1928 he came to Hyderabad on long leave and by a strange coincidence had an audience with His Exalted Highness. He spoke his mind to the august personage. He brought to his notice the glaring irregularities of his department and the weakness of the administration. He said he was discouraged and disappointed after all those years of devotional and loyal service. He wanted to retire ; instead he was promoted to the Bench.

As a High Court Judge he fitted in well. His impartial nature and his strict neutrality from any party feelings made him liked by all. His scrupulous honesty and sobriety were generally admired. In 1930 His Exalted Highness graciously conferred upon him the 'Junghood', and with it he unconsciously merged himself into that class of 'Pseudo-Nobility' whose attitude of mind he despised, and remained essentially different from them in his ways and outlook. He had reached the top of the ladder, and was liked and respected by everybody alike. The king liked him, his colleagues and officers admired and respected him, the general public thought well of him. He was happy.

CHAPTER IX

RETIREMENT AND DEATH

RETIREMENT from service and retirement from life seldom come together but for Abdul Samad they came suddenly and abruptly under circumstances that have left a deep mark of poignancy and sorrow on all those who knew him. He remained on the Bench for over four years. His retirement was due two years earlier but His Exalted Highness graciously extended his term of office twice by a special Firman. In March 1933 when he retired, his colleagues and Bar gave him a very hearty farewell that abundantly proved their feelings towards him. He was deeply impressed. But when he recoiled into the seclusion of his little country house at Saidabad, he felt the loneliness and bareness of life. All day he would devote to study and the evenings to meditation and contemplation. This gave him more joy and peace than the uneasy perch on the lofty and high chairs of the High Court and its dull echoes and duller surroundings. Official death he had experienced, physical death he felt nearer. The thought of it sometimes elated and sometimes depressed him depending upon his moods. He would willingly face the latter if he could be sure of his family's financial security after his death. The thirty years of service still left him financially

insecure. To find one self in that predicament after thirty years of toil and moil must have been a hard and bitter realisation. It brought over him fits of depression and grief. But his unshakable faith in God consoled him. He believed and believed firmly that man's instrumentality in helping his kith and kin is poorer compared to the divine providence. This thought again brought smiles over his grim face.

But there was to be a strange irony of fate inexplicable and incomprehensible, one that shook beliefs and baffled minds. In May 1933 by a special Firman His Exalted Highness created a Judicial Tribunal, 'The judicial Committee', the highest Judicial tribunal in Hyderabad. It consisted of two members with the legal adviser as the president. Abdul Samad was appointed as one of the two members. It was regarded as a most appreciative gesture in view of the fact that in appointing Abdul Samad many of his senior colleagues were left over. The news pleased him. Later when he received official orders he was very happy. He would take charge after the Moharrum vacations. It was the 8th of Moharrum when he received the orders; 13th was to be the day of assuming new responsibility.

On the 10th evening he felt slight pain in the abdomen, 11th morning he felt better. On the 12th the pain revived which again subsided in the evening. Late in the evening it became severe. The whole night he was restless. Doctors groped

in the dark and yet treated him. They were not sure of the disease and their professional pride would not let them consult a better man and yet they administered unknown medicines. In the early morning hours his condition was critical but he temporarily revived. At morning prayers he sat up, paid his last mute homage to the Divinity he worshipped, looked concernedly at the assembled crowd of his relatives and peacefully passed away. It all happened in a few minutes.

On the 13th morning he left two vacancies: one at the Judicial Committee, the other in the midst of his bereaved and dumb-founded family. The former was soon filled, the latter is still empty. The hollow created in the minds of all those who loved him is still a void. It echoes with his kindly voice. A great crowd of officials and friends had assembled to congratulate him on his new appointment; they all joined to say their last farewell. At 10-30 he was to leave his house to take charge of his new office; instead he was repaired to his last resting place by the same crowd of friends. Indeed His ways are strange and inscrutable !

CHAPTER X

HIS PERSONALITY AND CHARACTER

IT is eight years since Abdul Samad died. Nothing is left of his physical composition. It is perhaps all dust and bones. He has moved into the apparent nothingness which is enveloped in the eternity of time, and from where nothing returns, nothing is known. The beyond towards which he has moved is still shrouded in deep mystery. For all that, his personality is alive with all of us. We see him in our mind's eye any day and every day. He has not left a philosophic creed or a political dogma by which to remember him; his name is not associated with any philanthropic institute or charity show; he did not die a martyr in any political or religious cause; yet he survives as a man. His enduring character, his more enduring personality is still in our midst. It will be there long after we are reduced to dust and ashes.

A tall, slightly thin man, wearing a French cut beard, and with very dark penetrating eyes, usually clad in very ordinary clothes did not impress one much. At home in his arm-chair smoking a 'hooka' in the manner of a Russian count, he was still less impressive. But the moment he spoke and you remained a few minutes in his company your impression was changed. His courtesy overwhelmed you,

his kindly voice and simplicity of ways and arguments captured your mind and imagination. He was never persuasive, never assertive and yet his point of view you would begin to appreciate. His manners were extremely simple, his ways most unostentatious and he was least conscious of himself. With all that you would begin to like him, appreciate him and admire him. He had no pride of birth or office. High and low did not matter to him, he was courteous and patient to one and all. He was always charitable and generous. He was never jealous, petty and mean. Nothing could provoke him or at least nothing wicked or bad lasted with him. A moment ago he was angry and boisterous, a moment later he was at your service. He harmed none nor could he do it.

He was not fond of reading but liked brooding and pondering. He assimilated more through this habit. His intellect was keen and he gauged everything correctly. He could see far beyond an ordinary mind. His grasp of things was most accurate. His clear and analytical mind and far-seeing abilities would have made him a great politician if he had tried his hand at this popular game. He had no religious or political bias. His was a receptive mind open to all that was good and noble and fine in everything. The source of things did not matter. It was the substance that mattered to him. He had a refined taste and was capable of very fine feelings. He was extremely religious but

his religion did not provoke or interfere with any other creed or religion. He had developed an attitude of a sophist towards other religions. Born and brought up in the strictest 'Sunni', family, he married in an orthodox 'Shia' family and always called himself a 'Sunni' with no prejudice and a 'Shia' with no Tabarra'. He had many friends among the Hindu, Parsi and Sikh communities but he never differentiated one from the other. He met all without any mental reservation and equally enjoyed their company.

Truth and honesty, scrupulous honesty were his cardinal principles. On these he built his life structure, both domestic and official. To serve his fellow-beings was his aim of life; magnitude and intensity of such a service did not matter. To him big things were products of circumstances, little things in one's life really mattered. On their truthful discharge alone depended the largeness and catholicity of mind. In the discharge of truth and honesty he never faltered, never shirked. Nothing would deviate or tempt him away from such a course. Pomp and grandeur and extravagance in any shape or form he despised; simplicity he loved and adopted in every walk of life. He was above any parochial or national bias. To him mankind was one big family and the elevation of humanity in all its aspects—material, cultural and spiritual, a cherished ideal. That is why he survives.

